



Everybody wants to suck my dick.

I'm the man with the connections: Jed Piper, of Backstage Casting. The company provides "special talent" to the star makers. I select the studs who

make up that stable of talent. The young bucks know they have to make it past me to get to the goodies. Which means first they have to make it past my dick.

It's a beaut: 10 and 9/16 inches, trimmed, tapered, well-maintained by the hordes of wannabe pornstars who flock to my auditions. They hand me neat portfolios of their pictures and their vita sheets. I unzip and point them towards my meat. Not many have what it takes to be a Backstage man.

Most of them end up as fluffers. The big studios are always looking for hot new talent to keep their big name stars looking sharp. A good fluffer will always be in demand if he can keep a well-hung bottom boy hard enough to fuck. If a punk gets me off during an audition, I try to turn him on to some sort of job in the industry.

Zack would have sucked dick just for the fun of it. He didn't care much about the pay, which was lousy to begin with. He just wanted a steady supply of hot, hard dicks to swallow. Getting paid to fall on his knees and worship his favorite big-screen stars was his dream come true.

He showed up in my office one hot August day -- neat portfolio under his arm, shy, innocent smile. They get jaded early in this town. Zack was fresh meat, hot off the bus from Bakersfield. He'd shot most of his travel wad on his pictures. Good poses, I had to admit. They showed off his sparkling baby blues, well-sculpted pecs, and cute bubble butt to perfection. With his short, blond clone haircut, he could have been any face in the crowd. Except for his smile. It was so damned innocent. So naive. He was definitely somebody who needed my touch -- someone I could mold into what I knew would be a damn fine pornstar.

"I've always dreamed of being an actor," he gushed the first time I met him. That certainly made me sit up and take notice. Most of these guys know when they walk through the door that acting is not required. "I'll do whatever it takes to work with the stars."

"I know you will," I smiled. My dick was already snaking down my leg. I didn't pretend to hide what I was doing as I rubbed myself through the pale linen of my Italian summer suit.

Zack licked his lips. "I'm v-very impressed with your credentials, sir," he stammered.

"Everyone is," I smiled condescendingly. "The question now is, what can you do for me? Why should Backstage Casting take a chance with a no-name like you?"

"Perhaps I could show you." He stopped and swallowed hard. His eyes were glued to the massive erection tenting the front of my trousers. "I'll do anything to be in movies, sir. Whatever it takes."

I shoved my chair back from my desk the rest of the way and patted my lap. "I know you will. Give me a quick sample of your talents, stud. Show me your stuff, and I'll see what positions I have on the books."

"Thank you, sir." He was on his knees, on the carpet, between my legs, so fast I barely saw him move. With one practiced movement, he slid my zipper down. He eased my throbbing cock out of my by-then-too-tight pants. I barely saw his hand move to his own pocket. The next thing I knew, I heard the quick sound of a wrapper tearing, and he was using his mouth to roll a condom down my tube.

I was surprised that he'd known to bring an extra large, then glad he'd bothered to do his homework. The sheath was hot and tight as it slowly encased my massive tool. And that punk knew how to use his mouth. As soon as he had me dressed for company, he chowed down.

Fuck, he was good. He knew how to go slow. How to build up the tension, one slow lick at a time. He started at the base and worked his way up, touching, stroking, using his tongue and lips until I was breathing hard in spite of myself. Until I almost forgot I was a hardass casting professional doing an audition. This was one talented cocksucker. Then he pulled out the piece de resistance: he took my cock all the way down his throat. Just like some sword swallower from a fucking circus, he swivelled around, tipped his head back, opened his throat, and I felt his lips against my balls.

"Fuck!" I shot. I couldn't fucking help my self. He let himself gag just enough to make a quivering hot fuck tunnel in his throat. I yelled so hard they probably heard me in the cafeteria down the hall.

A moment later, he bobbed back up, pulling the rubber off me on his way past. As my cum dripped down onto the rug, Zack winked one of those sparkling baby blues at me. "Did I pass round one, sir?"

"Fuck, yes," I panted. My dick knows potential when I see it. I was impressed.

I sent Zack out to the reception area to get me some coffee as I zipped back up. By the time he came back in, I'd had time to catch my breath and compose myself again.

Zack walked slowly, carefully balancing the hot cup as he set it on my desk. "How long do you think it will be before I get my big break, sir?"

I leaned over and ran my finger slowly over the curve of his ass. "That depends. You'll need some developing, some polishing, before you're ready for the big time. But stick with me. I'm the best there is."

"Yes, sir." He smiled sheepishly as he looked down at the floor. "I guess I do have a lot more to learn than I thought."

I took a long draw on the coffee. Then I put down my cup, got up, and walked over to the couch. "Show me your blowjob routine again. I'll give you a few pointers."

Two hours later, I knew I had a star. Zack got me hard again. He deep-throated me until my balls ached to come. He did one helluva strip tease. And when I bent him over the arm of the couch, he showed me he had the skills on which Backstage Casting built its reputation.

In the pornos, "special talent" refers to the "specialists" who can take the huge dicks and dildos. That's why my cock is so important. If an ass pussy can take my tool, it can usually be trained to take the manmeat and toys that make audience assholes twitch with fear -- and lust. Backstage provides bottoms who can -- on demand -- relax their asslips enough to take the really hung pornstars. Directors don't have to waste time with any more stretching and foreplay than the script calls for. They shout "spread," and a Backstage specialist winks his cute little pucker and takes a dildo or a plug or a cock the size of Montana straight up the wazoo. No bitching, no delays. That hole opens and the fucking starts on cue. Or the "talent" doesn't get paid.

Zack's pussy purred the minute I touched him. He wiggled and moaned, slutty enough to make any director slaver. I grabbed a glove and touched a lubed finger to him. His asslips kissed their way up my knuckles so fast I hardly saw them move.

"Good moves," I nodded appreciatively.

"Thank you, sir," he moaned. "Fuck, that feels good." He had a good growl. Lots of emotion. Good breathless overtones.

"You want more?" I laughed.

"Yes, sir!"

"Coming right up." Less than a minute later, I had four fingers in him and he was dancing on my hand. Real impressive hard-on, too. Lots of bottoms get soft when they're being stretched. Zack seemed to get harder.

"You're what, 8 inches?" I asked, wiggling my fingers, seeing if he could stay open. He did.

"Eight and 1/4, sir. When I'm fully erect." He moaned again. "Fuck, your fingers really feel good. If you want to open me more, that would be okay. Really."

I had to laugh. This one was definitely Backstage material. "That's as much as I can do without fisting you, which ain't my thing. You up for some toys?"

"Oh, fuck, yeah!" He pressed that cute little ass right back against my hand. "Plugs are cool, but I love dildos, man!"

The toys for the advanced auditions were in the credenza on the other side of the room. "Hold that thought," I said. I felt Zack's eyes watching me as I



walked over and quickly grabbed an armful of implements in sterile bags: an assortment of plugs in gradually increasing sizes of extra large, several 10-12 inch dildos in various widths, and a vibrating prostate massager that would have made a horse proud. I dumped them on the coffee table next to a large bottle of gel lube and some towels.

"Pretty impressive, sir." Zack stayed bent over the couch, but he grinned and spread his legs even farther as I lined up my tools.

"We'll start with a plug." I picked up the smallest one, which was still a damn sight bigger than most human cocks. I figured Zack would probably tighten watching me. Any sphincter with a brain was going to clench at the sight of something that size zeroing in for the kill. I slathered on lube, then touched the tip to his hole. "Open up, punk. Show me you can take it."

There was resistance, just for a second. Then fuck me if that cute little pucker didn't swallow the whole damn plug -- all the way to the flange -- in one long, slow, slide.

"Oh, fuck, sir!" Zack's arms were shaking against the couch.

"You okay?" I was impressed, but I was also concerned. Most people can't do what that young stud had done without feeling some serious pain.

"Shit, yeah! I just don't want to come yet. It seems like that would be kinda unprofessional, ya know?"



I couldn't believe it. I looked down, and one hard, hot, and very drippy stud cock was waving over the cushions, a strand of precome drooling down like a huge wet spiderweb.

It was that way with all the toys. From Zack's reactions, I couldn't tell which ones he really liked best. Plugs, dildos -- he seemed to love them all. He moaned and grunted and talked dirty enough to make any voiceover specialist lust after him. He leaned forward and ground his cock against the now towel-covered cushions. He arched his ass back at me as his pussy hole swallowed progressively longer and wider toys, one right after the other.

I got him with the vibrating prostate massager though. He wasn't expecting that. I didn't turn it on until I'd worked it into him. It was so big that even with his talents, I had to go slowly. I could see by the way his cock jumped when I had the plastic bulge dead on his joyspot. I stroked his back, watching his muscles relax as he slowly dropped his head and groaned with pleasure at the stretch. Then, with no warning, I turned the vibrator on.

"FUUUUCCCCKKKKK!!!!" I'd never heard a roar like that before. Zack's head shot up, his whole body stiffened, and his dick started gorging out come like his balls were draining themselves dry. He yelled and shook and spurted until I thought his bones would break. Oh, what a director would have paid for a come shot like that!

I cut the power as he collapsed forward. He lay face down, gasping, his body still quivering. He was way too tight for me to work the toy loose. So I waited until his breathing slowed before I slowly eased it out of him.

"I'm sorry, sir," he panted, whimpering into the upholstery as the tip pulled free.

"What the fuck for? Shit, I almost came watching you."

He wiggled his ass enticingly at me. I'd never seen anybody take that much and still want more. "But you didn't tell me to come yet!"

I shook my head, slowly working a condom over my dick. "I'll make an exception, since you're still in training and all. Now there's only one more part to the audition -- if you think you can take it."

He slowly turned his head and looked over his shoulder, then his face broke into a huge grin. "I get to take your cock again, sir? Really? I mean, up my ass and all?"

This time I couldn't help laughing out loud as I slathered lube on my dick and slicked up his perfectly-loosened hole again. "Zack, I'm going to fuck you until your eyes cross, or at least until mine do. Now stick your ass back up here again." I slapped his butt sharply, smiling as he jumped.

When he didn't move, I stared down at him pointedly. "Zack?"

"Um, sir." His hesitation surprised me. He'd seemed to be game for anything. So I was really shocked when he blushed and grinned sheepishly at me. "This is kind of embarrassing, sir, but I get really snugly after a come like that. Since this is an audition and all, I mean since there's no script I'd be screwing up, can I maybe lie on my back so I can see you while you fuck me? Maybe hug you a couple times? I'd really like that -- if it's okay with you, of course."

This guy was one for the books. I was really starting to like him. "Go for it, Zack. Just keep the towels under you. The couch only gets cleaned once a week."

"Yes, sir!" He grin was infectious. But he blew me out of the water when he turned sideways on the damn couch and tipped all the way up onto his shoulders. His ass was the perfect height for fucking without my even having to bend over.



I slid in like a knife into warm butter. No resistance, just nice, smooth, open flesh kissing up my cock like a long, wet tongue job. I shivered as I sank in to the hilt. I didn't know that I'd ever felt an ass that receptive. Or one that I wanted so much. All of a sudden, I didn't care about the audition anymore. I wanted Zack just because I wanted him. I grabbed the back of his thighs and started a long, slow, sensuous fuck.

"You like that, pal?"

"Unh huh," he gasped. I looked down at his face and was surprised to see his eyes closed.

"I thought you wanted to watch."



"I do," he panted. "In a minute. I want to just feel for a second. Your cock is so big, sir, and you're fucking right over my prostate. Fuck, sir. It feels so good I don't know if I want to pee or come or pass out!"

He opened his eyes, and his baby blues sparkled up at me. I felt his smile all the way to my balls. He shivered as he watched me glide in and out a few times. "Do I get to watch you come, sir, or are you going to come up my ass?"

Hell, I had to know. "Which would you like?" I stroked in, sweet and slow.

He quivered and moaned, grinding against me. I slid in and out a couple more times. He felt so good, I had about made up my mind to just fuck his ass silly, when he pulled back and blushed up at me. "I'd really like to watch your cock shoot. I didn't get to see before."

I laughed shakily, pulling out while I still could and throwing the rubber. "Pal, for a show like you've put on today, I'll be glad to let you watch."

I started to beat my meat, tugging down on my balls. I was close. Zack rolled over and fingered his hot little pussy, his eyes glued to my jerking fist.

"If you don't mind a suggestion, sir, a little ass stimulation can make a come even hotter. I can get you a little plug if you'd like. It'd make your prostate really happy."

There was still one unused plug sitting on the table -- one of the more medium-sized of the extra larges. I nodded towards it. "Take it out of the wrapper, pal. And lube it up for me."

"Sir?" he asked. "Um, that's pretty big, sir. It's more my size. I'll be glad to get you another one."

"Lube it, stud," I growled. "Who the fuck do you think was Backstage's first star?!"

Zack looked at me in shock as I stopped jerking my dick long enough to grab a handful of gel and stuff it up my butt. Damn, my slicked fingers felt good sliding up inside me. My cock danced and drooled in response. It had been too damned long since I'd been fucked. I was looking forward to a good ass workout.

"Wow, sir!" Zack couldn't move fast enough as he slathered on the lube and held the toy out to me. "You mean, I get to watch you fuck a toy, too?"

"Even better." I turned around, grabbed ahold of the couch arm, and bent over. "You get to slide that sucker up my ass while I beat off. Now get busy, I'm about to come!"

"Yes, SIR!" I couldn't fault Zack's technique. He jumped right to my side, and he used a slow, firm, steady pressure as he worked that huge plug into my hungry hole. He had one arm around my waist, hugging me. Fuck, it felt good. I realized I really had gone too long without a good fuck up the ass -- and without touching a man I cared for. Zack was giving me exactly what I needed.

I groaned as he let go of the plug flange and I heard him turn on the vibrating prostate massager. I already knew what that kinky sucker was going to do. Sure, enough, a moment later, the behemoth buzzing toy touched the base of the monster plug up my ass. I groaned as the vibration traveled right up to my joyspot, just the way I was so hungry for.

My ass clenched, like it was trying to pull in all the sensations surging into me. I stroked my shaft again, hard and fast, up and over the head -- once, twice, three times. The spasms swept up from my guts to engulf me. I roared out my climax as my dick started spurting into my hand.

"Fuck, yeah, sir! Wow, man, you are hot!"



I shot 'til I thought I'd pass out. That fucker kept the vibrator on the base of the plug until I slapped his hand away. Then I fell over on the couch.

"Um, sir?" I heard the smirk, but I was too blissed out to care. "Did I pass the audition?"

"Yeah, you little shit." I kept my face in the cushion. I was too fucking tired to get up, and he was kissing my back, soft and sweet enough to make me shudder contentedly. "Be here at 7:00 Monday morning, stud. You're a Backstage man now."

The End